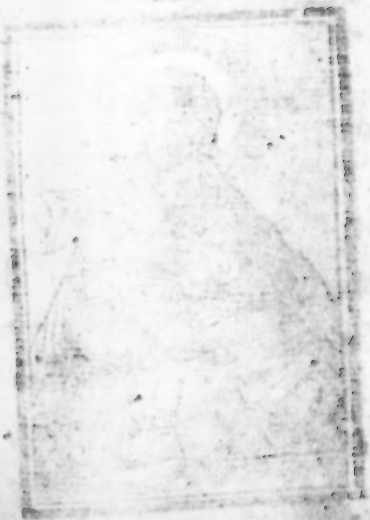
Vol. 2 in Taylor's Works.

THE LIFE AND DEATH of the most blessed among women, the Virgin MARY Mother of our LORD IESVS.

With the Murder of the Infants in *Bethlehem*, *Iudas his Treason*, *and the Confession of the good* Theife and the bad.

BIBLIOTHECA REGIA MONACENSIS

Printed at *London* by *G. E.* and are to be sold at Christ-church gate. 1620.



TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE AND truly vertuous Lady, the Noble Patroneſſe of good endeuours, MARY Counteſſe of Buckingham.

Right Honourable Madam:

AS the Graces, the Vertues, the Senſes, and the Muſes, are emblemed, or alluded to your noble ſex, and

as all theſe haue ample reſi-
dence in your worthy diſpoſi-
tion: To whō then but to your
ſelfe, being a Lady in goodnes
compleat, ſhould I commit the
patronage of the memory of
the great *Lady* of *Ladyes*, Mo-
ther to the high and mighty
Lord of *Lords*? And though I
(a *Taylor*) haue not apparell'd

her

her in such garments of elocution and ornated stile, as befits the glory and eminency of the least part of her Excellency, yet I beseech your Honor to accept her for her own worth, and her Sonnes worthinesse: which Sonne of hers, by his owne merits, and the powerfull mercy of his Father, I

heartily

heartily implore to giue your Honour a participation of his gracious Mothers eternall felicitie.

Your Honors, in all humble ſeruice to be commanded.

IOHN TAILOR.

The

The Argument, and cauſe of this Poem.

Being lately in Antwerpe, it was my fortune to ouerlooke an old printed Booke in proſe, which I haue turned into Verſe, of the life, death & buriall of our bleſſed Lady: wherin I read many things worthy of obſeruation, and many things friuolous and impertinent; out of the which I haue (like a Bee) ſuck'd the ſacred hony of the beſt authorities of Scriptures, and Fathers which I beſt credited, and I haue left the poyſon

of

of Antichriſtianiſme to thoſe where I found it (whoſe ſtomackes can better diſgeſt it,) I put it to the Preſſe, preſuming it ſhall be accepted of pious Proteſtants and charitable Catholikes; as for luke-warme Neutraliſts that are neyther hot nor cold, they doe offend my appetite, and therefore cup with them. The ſchiſmaticall Separatiſt, I haue many times diſcourſed with him, and though he be but a Botcher or a Button-maker, and at the moſt, a lumpe of opinionated ignorance, yet hee

will

will seeme to wring the Scriptures to his opinions, and presume to know more of the mysteries of Religion, then any of our Reuerend learned Bishops and Doctors.

I know this worke will be vnrelished in the pestiferous pallates of the dogmaticall Amsterdammatists; but I do, must, and will acknowledge a most reuerend honor and regard vnto the sacred memory of this blessed virgin Lady, Mother of our Lord and Redeemer Iesus; and in my thoughts she shall euer haue superlatiue respect aboue all

An-

Angels, Principalities, Patriarkes, Prophets, Apoſtles, Euangeliſts or Saints what ſoeuer, vnder the bleſſed Trinity; yet (miſtake me not) as there is a difference betwixt the Immortall Creator, and a mortall creature, ſo (whilſt I haue warrant ſufficient from God himſelfe, to inuocate his Name onely) I will not giue man, Saint, or Angell any honour that may be derogatory to his eternall Maieſtie.

As amongſt Women ſhe was bleſt aboue all, being aboue all full of Grace, ſo amongſt

Saints

Saints I beleeue ſhe is ſupreame in Glory: and it is an infallible truth, that as the Romaniſts doe diſhonour her much by their ſuperſtitious honourable ſeeming attributes; ſo on the other part, it is helliſh and odious to God and good men, either to forget her, or (which is worſe) to remember her with impure thoughts, or vnbeſeeming ſpeech for the excellency of ſo deuine a Creature. I confeſſe my ſelfe the meaneſt of men, and moſt vnworthy of all to write of her that was the beſt of Women, but my

hope

The Argument, &c.

hope is, that Charity will couer my faults, and accept of my good meaning, especially hauing endeuoured and striuen to doe my best: So wishing all hearts to giue this holy Virgin such honour as may be pleasing to God; which is, that all should patterne their liues to her lifes example, in lowlinesse and humility, and then they shall be exalted where shee is in Glory, with eternity.

Iohn Taylor.

THE

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE most blessed amongst all Women, the Virgin *Mary* the Mother of our Lord IESVS CHRIST.

BEfore the Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth were fram'd;
Sunne, Moone, or any thing vnnam'd or nam'd;
God was, who nere shall end, nor nere beganne,
To whom all ages and all time's a spanne:
By whose appointment each thing fades or growes,
And whose eternall knowledge all things knowes.

When

When *Adams* ſinne pluckt downe ſupernall ire,
And Iuſtice iudg'd him to eternall fire:
Then Mercy did the execution ſtay,
And the great price of mans great debt did pay.
And as a woman tempted man to vice,
For which they both were thruſt from Paradiſe:
So from a woman was a Sauiours birth,
That purchas'd Man a heauen for loſſe of earth:
Our bleſt Redeemers mother, that bleſt ſhe,
Before the world (by God) ordain'd to be
A choſen veſſell, fitteſt of all other,
To be the Sonne of Gods moſt gracious mother.
Shee is the theame that doth my Muſe inuite,
Vnworthy of ſuch worthineſſe to write.
I will no prayers not inuocations frame,
For interceſſion to this heauenly Dame:
Nor to her name one fruitleſſe word ſhall runne,
To be my Mediatreſſe to her Sonne;

But to th'eternall Trinity alone,
Ile ſing, Ile ſigh, Ile inuocate and mone.
I prize no creatures glory at that rate,
The great Creators praiſe t'extenuate.
But to th'Almighty, (*ancient of all dayes,*)
Be all dominion, honour, laud and prayſe.
I write the bleſt conception, birth, and life,
Of this beloued Mother, Virgin, Wife:
The ioyes, the griefes, the death and buriall place
Of her moſt glorious, gracious, full of grace.
Her father *Ioachim* a vertuous man,
Had long liu'd childleſſe with his wife S. *Anne*,
And both of them did zealouſly intend,
If God did euer ſonne or daughter ſend,
That they to him would dedicate it ſolely
To be his ſeruant and to liue moſt holy:
God heard and granted freely their requeſt,
And gaue them *Mary* (of that ſex the beſt.)

At three yeares age, ſhe to the Temple went,
And there eleuen yeares in deuotion ſpent:
At th'end of foureteene yeares it came to paſſe,
This virgin vnto *Ioſeph* ſpouſed was:
Then after foure months time was paſt and gone,
Th'Almighty ſent from his tribunall throne,
His great Ambaſſador, which did vnfold
The greateſt ambaſſage euer yet was told,
Hayle MARY *full of heauenly grace* (quoth he)
The (high omnipotent) *Lord is with thee,*
Bleſt amongſt women (by Gods gracious dombe)
And bleſſed be the fruit of thy bleſt wombe.
The Angels preſence, and the words he ſayd,
This ſacred vndefiled Maid diſmaide,
Amazed, muſed what this meſſage meant,
And wherefore God this meſſenger had ſent.
Feare not (ſaid *Gabriel*) MARY (moſt renownd)
Thou with thy gracious God haſt fauour fownd,

For

For loe, thou ſhalt conceiue and beare a Sonne,
(By whom redemption and ſaluation's wonne)
And thou his (ſauing) *name ſhalt IESVS call,*
Becauſe heel'e come to ſaue his people all.
She humbly, mildly heauens high *Nuntius* heares,
But yet to be reſolu'd of doubts and feares,
How can theſe things (quoth ſhe) *accompliſht be,*
When no man hath knowledge had with mee?
The Holy Ghoſt (the Angell then replide)
Shall come vpon thee (and thy God and guide)
The power of the moſt High ſhall ſhadow thee,
That holy thing that of thee borne ſhall bee,
Shall truely called be the Sonne of God,
By whom ſin, death, and hell, ſhall downe be trod.
Then MARY to theſe ſpeeches did accord,
And ſaid, *Behold the hand-maid of the Lord,*
Be it to me according to thy will,
I am thine owne obedient ſeruant ſtill.

This being said, she tun'd her Angell tongue,
My soule doth magnifie the Lord. (the sung)
My spirit, and all my faculties, and voyce,
In God my Saviour solely doth reioyce:
For though mans sinnes prouoke his grieuous wrath,
His humble hand-maid he remembred hath.
For now behold from this time henceforth shall
All generations me right blessed call:
He that is mighty me hath magnifide,
And holy is his name: his mercies bide
On them that feare him (to prouoke his rage)
Throughout the spacious world, from age to age.
With his strong arme he hath shewed strength and
The proud & their imaginations scatterd. (batterd,
He hath put downe the mighty from their seat,
The meeke and humble he exaulted great,
To fill the hungry he is prouident,
Woen as the rich away are empty sent:

His mercies promis'd Abraham and his seed:
He hath remembred, and helpe Israels need.

This Song she sung with hart and holy spright,
To laud her Makers mercy and his might:
And the like song, sung with so sweet a straine
Was neuer, nor shall e'er be sung againe.

When *Mary* by the Angels speech perceiu'd
How old *Elizabeth* a childe conceiu'd,
To see her straight her pious minde was bent,
And to Ierusalem in three dayes she went.
And as the Virgin (comne from Nazareth)
Talk't with her kinswoman *Elizabeth*,
Iohn Baptist, then vnnam'd an vnborne boy,
Did in his mothers belly leape with ioy:
Both *Christ* and *Iohn* vnborne, yet *Iohn* knew there
His great *Redeemer* and his God was neere.

When *Ioseph* his pure wife with childe espide,
And knew he neuer her accompanide,

His heart was ſad, he knew not what to ſay,
But in ſuſpect would put her quite away.
Then from the high Almighty Lord ſupreame,
An Angell came to *Ioſeph* in a Dreame,
And ſaid; *Feare not with* Mary *to abide,*
For that which in her bleſt wombe doth recide,
Is by the Holy Ghoſt in wonder done,
For of thy Wife there ſhall be borne a Sonne,
From him alone Redemption all begins,
And he ſhall ſaue his people from their ſinnes.
This being ſaid, the Angell paſt away,
And *Ioſeph* with his Wife and Maid did ſtay:
Then he and ſhee with ſpeed prepared them,
To goe to *Dauids* City Bethelem,
Through winters weather, froſt,& winde,& ſnow
Foure weary dayes in trauell they beſtow.
But when to Bethlem they approched were
Small friendſhip & leſſe welcom they found there:

No Chamber, nor no fire to warme them at,
For harbour onely they a ſtable gat:
The Inne was full of more reſpected gueſts,
Of Drunkards, Swearers, and of Godleſſe beaſts,
Thoſe all had roomes whilſt Glory and all Grace,
(But amongſt beaſts) could haue no lodging place.
There (by protection of th'Almighties wings)
Was borne the Lord of Lords and King of Kings,
Our God with vs, our great *Emanuel*,
Our *Ieſus*, and our vanquiſher of hell.
There in a Cratch a Iewell was brought forth,
More thē ten thouſand thouſand worlds in worth,
There did the Humane nature and Diuine,
The Godhead with the Manhood both combine:
There was this Maiden Mother brought to bed,
Where Oxen, Kine and Horſes lodg'd and fed;
There this bright Queen of Queens with heauenly ioy,
Did hug her Lord, her life, her God, her Boy.

Her Sonne, her Sauiour, her immortall bliſſe,
Her ſole Redeemer, She might rocke and kiſſe.
Oh bleſſed Lady, of all Ladies bleſt:
Bleſſed for euer, for thy ſacred breſt
Fed him that all the famiſht ſoules did feed,
Of the loſt ſheepe of Iſraells forlorne ſeed.
A Stable being Heauen and Earths great Court.
When forty dayes were ended in that ſort,
This Virgin Mother, and this Mayden Bride,
(All pure) yet by the Law was purifide.
Old *Simeon* being in the Temple than,
He ſaw the Sonne of God, and Sonne of Man.
He in his aged armes the Babe imbrac't,
And ioying in his heart he ſo was grac't,
He with theſe words wiſht that his life might ceaſe

Lord let thy Seruant now depart in peace,
Mine eyes haue ſeene thy great Saluation,
My loue, my Ieſus, *my Redemption,*

Vnti

Vnto the Gentiles euerlasting light,
To Israell the glory and the might.
Hope, Faith, and zeale, truth, constancy and loue,
To sing this song did good old *Simeon* moue.
Then turning to our Lady most diuine,
Thy Sonne (said he) *shall once stand for a signe,*
And he shall be the cause that many shall,
By faith or vnbeleefe arise or fall.
He shall be raild vpon without desert,
And then shall sorrowes sword peirce through thy heart.
As *Iesus* fame grew dayly more and more,
The Tyrant *Herod* it amazed sore,
The Sages said, borne was great Iudaes King,
Which did vsurping *Herods* conscience sting:
For *Herod* was an Idumean base,
Not of the Kings of Iudahs royall Race;
And hearing one of *Dauids* true borne Line
Was borne, he fear'd his State he should resigne:

And

And well he knew he kept the Iewes in awe,
With flauiſh feare not loue gainſt right and law.
For'tis moſt true: "A Prince that's fear'd of many,
"Muſt many feare, and ſcarce be lou'd of any.
Herod beleaguer'd with doubts, feares and woes,
That *Ieſus* ſhould him of his Crowne diſpoſe,
He chaft and vext, and almoſt grew ſtarke mad,
To vſurpation he did murther adde:
An Edict ſprung from his hell hatched braine,
Commanding all male Infants ſhould be ſlaine,
Of two yeares old and vnder through the Land,
Suppoſing *Ieſus* could not ſcape his hand.
But God ſo *Ioſeph* downe an Angell ſent,
Commanding him by flight he ſhould preuent
The Murderers malice, and to Egypt flye,
To ſaue our Sauiour from his tyrannie.
Our bleſſed Lady with a carefull flight,
Her bleſſed Babe away did beare by night;

Whilſt

Whilſt Bethelem with bloody villaines ſwarmes,
That murdered Infants in their Mothers armes:
Some ſlaughter'd in their Cradles, ſome in bed,
Some at the Dugg, ſome newly borne ſtrook dead,
Some ſweetly faſt aſleepe, ſome ſmiles awake,
All butcher'd for their Lord and Sauiours ſake:
Their wofull Mothers madly heere and there,
Ran rending of their cheeks, their eyes, and hayre,
The Tyrant they with execrations curſt,
And in deſpaire, to deſperate Acts out-burſt:
Some all in fury end their wofull liues
By baneſull poyſon, halters, or by kniues:
And ſome to ſorrow were ſo faſt combind, (blind:
They wept, and wept, and wept themſelues ſtarke
And being blinde, (to lengthen out their mones)
They peic'd their ſorrows out with ſighs & grones.
Thus with vnceaſing griefe in many a Mother,
Teares, ſighs and grones, did one ſucceed the other.

But till the tyrant *Herods* dayes were done,
The Virgin ſtaid in Egypt with her ſonne.
Then backe to Nazareth they return'd againe.
When twelue yeares age our Sauiour did attaine,
Her Sonne, her ſelfe, her husband, all of them
Together traueld to Ieruſalem;
The Virgin there much ſorrow did endure,
The moſt pure mother loſt her Childe more pure,
Three daies with heauy harts, with care & thought
Their beſt be'ou'd they diligently ſought.
But when ſhe found her Lord ſhe held moſt deare,
Ioy baniſht griefe, and loue exiled feare.
There in the Temple *Ieſus* did confute
The greateſt Hebrew Doctors in diſpute.
But Doctors all are dunces in this caſe,
To parley with th'eternall Sonne of Grace:
Th'immortall mighty Wiſedome and the Word
Can make all humane ſapience meere abſurd.

Soone

Soone after this (as ancient writers say)
God tooke the Virgins virgin-spouse away,
Good *Ioseph* di'de and went to th'heauenly rest,
Blest by th'Almightes mercy 'mongst the blest.
Thus *Mary* was of her Good-man bereft,
A Widow, Maiden, Mother being left,
In holy contemplation she did spend
Her life, for such a life as ne're shall end.

Search but the Scriptures as our Sauiour bid,
There shall you finde the wonders that he did:
As first how he (by his high power diuine)
At Canaa turned water into wine:
How he did heale the blind, deafe, dumb and lame:
How with his word he windes and seas did tame:
How he from men possest, fiends dispossest:
How he to all that came gaue ease and rest:
How with two fishes, and fiue loaues of bread,
He fed fiue thousand: how he rais'd the dead:

How

How all things that he euer did or taught,
Past, and surpast all that ere taught or wrought:
And by these miracles, he sought each way
To draw soules to him, too long gone astray,
At last approacht the full prefixed time,
That Gods blest Sonne must die for mans curst crime,
Then Iesus to Ierusalem did goe,
And left his mother full of griefe and woe,
Oh woe of woes, and griefe surpassing griefe,
To see her Sauiour captiu'd as a theefe:
Her loue (beyond all loues) her Lord, her all,
Into the hands of sinfull slaues to fall.
If but a mother haue a wicked son,
That hath to all disordered orders runne,
As treasons, rapes, blasphemings, murder, theft,
And by the law must be of life bereft;
Yet though he suffer iustly by desert,
His suffering surely wounds his mothers heart.

Suppose a woman hath a vertuous child,
Religious, honest, and by nature milde,
And he must be to execution brought,
For some great fault he neuer did nor thought,
And she behold him when to death hee's put,
Then sure tormenting griefe her heart must cut.
These griefes are all as nothing vnto this,
Of this blest mother of Eternall blisse:
Her gracious Sonne that neuer did amisse,
His graceless seruant, with a *Iudas* kisse,
Betraid him vnto misbeleeuing slaues,
Where he was led away with bills and staues,
To *Annas*, *Caiphas*, *Pilat*, and to those,
That to th'immortall God were mortall foes.
Ah *Iudas* couldest thou make so base account
Of him, whose worth doth heauen and earth
Didst thou esteeme of 30 paltry pence, / surmount?
More then the life of the Eternall Prince?

O monſtrous blindneſſe, that for ſo ſmall gaine
Souldſt endleſſe bliſſe to buy perpetuall paine.
Is't poſſible damn'd auarice could compell
Thee ſell heauens kingdome for the ſincke of hell?
Our father *Adam* vnto all our woes,
Did for an Apple bleſſed Eden loſe:
And *Eſau* borne a Lord, yet like a ſlaue
His birth-right for a meſſe of pottage gaue:
And poore *Gehezi* telling of a lye,
His couetouſneſſe gain'd his leproſie.
And though the text their deeds do diſalow,
Yet they made better matches farre then thou.
I do not here impute this deed of ſhame
On *Iudas*, becauſe *Iudas* was his name:
For of that name there haue beene men of might,
Who the great battels of the Lord did fight;
And others more. But ſure this impure blot
Stickes to him, as hee's nam'd *Iskarryott*;

For in an *Anagram Iskarryott* is
By letters transpoſition, *traytor kis.*

ISKARRYOTT
Anagramma
TRAYTOR KIS.

KIſſe Traytor, kiſſe with an intent to kill,
And cry all haile, when thou doſt meane al ill;
And for thy fault no more ſhall *Iudas* be
A name of treaſon and foule Infamie,
But all that fault I'le on *Iskarryot* throw,
Becauſe the Anagram explanes it ſo.
Iskarryot, for a bribe, and with a kiſſe,
Betraid his Maiſter, the bleſt King of bliſſe;
And after (but too late) with conſcience wounded,
Amaz'd, and in his ſenſes quite confounded,

With crying woe, woe, woe on woe on me;
I haue betraid my Maiſter for a fee,
Oh I haue ſinned, ſinned paſt compare,
And want of grace & faith, plucks on deſpaire,
Oh too-too late it is to call for grace!
What ſhall I doe? where is ſome ſecret place,
That I might ſhield me from the wrath of God?
I haue deſeru'd his euerlaſting rod.
Then farewell grace, and faith, and hope and loue,
You are the guiſts of the great God aboue,
You onely on th'elect attendants be;
Deſpaire, hell, horror, terror is for me,
My haynous ſinne is of ſuch force and might
'Twill empt th'exchequer of Gods mercy quite:
And therefore for his mercy I'le not call;
But to my iuſt deſeru'd perdition fall.
I ſtill moſt graceleſſe, haue all grace withſtood,
And now I haue betraide the guiltleſſe bloud.

My

My Lord and Maiſter I haue ſold for pelfe,
This hauing ſaid, deſpairing hang'd himſelfe.
There we leaue him, and now muſt be expreſt
Something of her, from whom I haue digreſt.
The Virgins heart with thouſand griefes was nipt,
To ſee her Sauiour flouted, hated, whipt,
Deſpitefulneſſe beyond deſpight was vſ'd,
And with abuſe, paſt all abuſe abuſ'd:
His apprehenſion grieu'd her heart full ſore,
His cruell ſcourges grieu'd her ten times more,
& when his bleſſed head with thorns was crown'd
Then flouds of griefe on griefe, her ſoule did woũd,
But then redoubled was her griefe and feare,
When to his death his Croſſe ſhe ſaw him beare.
And laſtly (but alas not leaſt nor laſt)
When he vpon the tree was nayled faſt,
With bitter tears, & deepe heart-wounding groues,
With ſobs, and ſighs, this maiden Mother moues,

What tongue or pen can her great griefe vnfold
When *Christ* said, *Woman* now thy *Sonne* behold?
That voyce (like Ice in Iune) more cold and chill,
Did dangerously wound, and almost kill:
Then (as old *Simeon* propheſied before)
The ſword of ſorrow through her heart did gore,
And if twere poſſible all womens woes,
One woman could within her breſt encloſe, (raine
They were but puffes, ſparks, moale-hils, drops of
To whirl-winds, meteors, kingdomes or the main,
Vnto the woes, griefes, ſorrowes, ſighes and teares,
Sobs, gronings, terrors, and a world of feares,
Which did beſet this Virgin on each ſide,
When as her Sonne, her Lord and Sauiour di'de.
Thus he, to whom compar'd, all things are droſſe,
Humbled himſelfe to death, euen to the Croſſe:
He that ſaid *Let there be*, and there was light,
He that made all things with his mighty might,

He

He by whom all things haue their life and breath,
He humbled himſelfe vnto the death;
Vnto the death of the curſt croſſe: this he,
This he, this he of hees did ſtoope for me:
For me this welſpring of my ſoules reliefe,
Did ſuffer death, on either hand a Theife,
The one of them had run a theeuing race,
Rob'd God of glory and himſelfe of grace;
He wanted liuely faith to apprehend
To end his life, for life that ne'ere ſhall end:
With faithleſſe doubts his minde is armed ſtiffe,
And doth reuile our Sauiour with an If,
If that thou be the Sonne of God (quoth he)
Come from the Croſſe, and ſaue thy ſelfe and me:
The other Theife, arm'd with a ſauing faith
Vnto his fellow turn'd, and thus he ſaith:
Thou guilty wretch, this man is free and cleare
From any crime for which he ſuffers here:

We haue offended, we haue iniur'd many,
But this man yet did neuer wrong to any.
We iuſtly are condemn'd, he falſe accuſ'd,
He hath all wrong, all right to vs is vſ'd,
He's innocent, ſo are not thou and I;
We by the law are iuſtly iudg'd to die:
Thus the good theiſe euen at his lateſt caſt
Contrary to a theiſe ſpake truth at laſt:
And looking on our Sauiour faithfully,
(Whilſt Chriſt beheld him with a gracious eye)
Theſe bleſt words were his prayers totall ſumme,
O Lord when thou ſhalt to thy kingdome come
Remember me. Our Sauiour anſwer'd then
(A doctrine to confute deſpairing men)
Thou (who by liuely faith laſt hold on me)
This day in Paradiſe with me ſhalt be.
Thus as this Theifes life was by theft ſupply'd,
So now he ſtole Heauens Kingdome when he dy'd.

And

And I doe wish all Christians to agree,
Not liue as ill, but dye as well as he:
Presumptious sinnes are no way here excus'd,
For here but one was sau'd, and one refus'd:
Despaire for sinnes, hath here no rule or ground,
For as here's one was lost, so one was found,
To teach vs not to sinne with wilfull pleasure,
And put repentance off, to our last leasure:
To shew vs (though we liu'd like Iewes & Turks)
Yet Gods great mercy is aboue his workes.
To warne vs not presume, or to despaire,
Heer's good example in this theiuing paire.
These seas of care (with zealous fortitude)
This Virgin pas'd amongst the multitude.
(Oh gracious patterne of a sex so bad)
Oh the supernall patience that she had,
Her zeale, her constancy, her truth, her loue,
The very best of women her doth proue.

Maids, wiues, & mothers, all conforme your liues
To hers, the beſt of women, maids, or wiues.
But as her Sonnes death made her woes abound,
His Reſurrection all griefe did confound:
She ſaw him vanquiſh't and inglorious,
And after ſaw him Victor moſt victorious:
She ſaw him in contempt to loſe his breath,
And after that ſhe ſaw him conquer death:
She ſaw him (bleſt) a curſed death to dye,
And after ſaw him riſe triumphantly:
Thus ſhe that ſorrowed moſt had comfort moſt,
Ioy doubly did returne, for gladnes loſt.
And as before her torments tyranniz'd,
Her ioy could after not be equaliz'd;
Her Sonnes (all wondred) reſurrection,
Her Sauiours glorious aſcention,
And laſt the holy Ghoſt from heauen ſent downe,
Theſe mighty mercies all her ioyes did crowne.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe a man that were exceeding poore
Had got a thouſand tunnes of golden ore,
How would his heart be lifted vp with mirth,
At this great maſſe of treaſure (moſt part earth)
But to be rob'd of all in's height of glory,
Would not this luckleſſe man be much more ſory
Then euer he was glad? for in the minde,
Griefe more then ioy doth moſt abiding finde.
But then ſuppoſe that after all this loſſe,
The gold is well refined from the droſſe,
And as the poore man doth his loſſe complaine,
His wealth (more pure) ſhould be reſtor'd againe.
Amid'ſt his paſſions (in this great reliefe)
I doubt not but his ioy would conquer griefe.
Then ſo our bleſſed Lady hauing loſt
Her ioy, her Iewell ſhe eſteemed moſt,
Her all in all, the heauen and earths whole treaſure,
Her gracious heart was grieued out of meaſure,

But

But when she found in him triumphant state,
No tongue or pen her joy could then relate:
She lost him poore and bare, and dead, and cold,
She found him rich, most glorious to behold:
She lost him when vpon his backe was hurld,
The burthen of the sinnes of all the world:
She lost him mortall, and immortall found him,
for crown of thorns, a crown of glory crownd him.
Thus all her griefes, her losse, her cares and paine,
Return'd with ioyes inestimable gaine.

But now a true relation I will make
How this blest Virgin did the world forsake,
T'is probable, that as our Sauiour bid
Saint *Iohn* to take her home, that so he did,
And it may be suppos'd she did abide
With him, and in his house vntill she di'de.
Iohn did out liue th'Apostles euery one,
For when *Domitian* held th'Emperiall throne,

To'th Ile of Pathmos he was baniſht then,
And there the Reuelation he did pen,
But whilſt *Iohn* at Ieruſalem did ſtay,
God tooke the bleſſed Virgins life away,
For after Chriſts aſcenſion it appeares,
She on the earth ſuruiued fifteene yeares,
Full ſixty three in all ſhe did indure,
A ſad, glad pilgrimage, a life moſt pure:
At ſixty three yeares age, her life did fade,
Her ſoule (moſt gracious) was moſt glorious made
Where with her Son, her Sauiour, her Lord God,
She euerlaſtingly hath her abode,
In ſuch fruition of immortall glory,
Which cannot be diſcrib'd in mortall ſtory:
There mounted (meeke) ſhe ſits in Maieſtie,
Exalted there is her humility,
There ſhe that was adorned full of Grace,
Beholds her Maker and Redeemers face.

And there is ſhe amongſt all bleſſed ſpirits)
(By imputation of our Sauiours merits)
She there ſhall euer and for euer ſing
Eternall prayſe vnto th'Eternall King.
When ſhe had payd the debt that all muſt pay,
When from her corps her ſoule was paſt away:
To *Getſemany*, with lamenting cheare,
Her ſacred body on the beere they beare.
There in the earth a Iewell was interd,
That was before all earthly wights preferd,
That holy wife, that mother, that pure maid,
At *Getſemany* in her graue was laid.

Lenuoy.

This worke deſerues the worke of better wit,
But I (like *Pilate*) ſay, What's writ is writ:
If it be lik'd: poore artles I am glad,
And Charity I hope will mend what's bad.

of the Virgin Mary.

I know my selfe the meaneſt amongſt men,
The moſt vnlearned'ſt that ere handled pen:
But as it is into the world I ſend it,
And therefore pray commend it, or come mend it.

FINIS.